

THE LEISURE HOUR

A FAMILY JOURNAL OF INSTRUCTION AND RECREATION.

"BEHOLD IN THESE WHAT LEISURE HOURS DEMAND,—AMUSEMENT AND TRUTH KNOWLEDGE HAND IN HAND."—Cooper.



ANDY ASTONISHES THE FRENCH CANADIANS BY HIS PERFORMANCES.

CEDAR CREEK;
FROM THE SHANTY TO THE SETTLEMENT.
A TALE OF CANADIAN LIFE.

CHAPTER VII.—THE RIVER HIGHWAY.

"WELL, Misther Robert! if ever I laid my eyes on the likes of sich a ship, in all my born days!"

With this impressive ejaculation, Andy Callaghan backed on the wharf to take a completer view of the

wondrous whole. His untravelled imagination had hitherto pictured steamers after the one pattern and similitude of those which sailed upon the river Lee and in the Cove of Cork—craft which had the aquatic appendages of masts and decks, and still kept up an exterior relation with the ship tribe. But this a steamboat! this great three-storied wooden edifice, massive-looking as a terrace of houses!

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PRICE ONE PENNY.

"An' a hole in the side for a hall-door!" soliloquized Andy. "No, but two holes, one for the quality an' the other for the commonalty. An' no deck at all at all for the people to take the air, only all cabins intirely! If it isn't the very dead image of a side of a sthreet swimmin' away!"

Andy's outspoken remarks attracted some notice when he was fairly aboard.

"This is the fore-cabin, and you must try to keep quiet," said Arthur. "We'll be off presently; and whatever you do," he added in a low tone, "keep clear of that bar"—indicating a counterered recess where liquors were sold, and where customers had congregated already.

"Never fear, sir," was the reply; "though they've no right to put it there forenent us, an' they knowin' that the bare sight of it is like fire to tow with many a one. But sure they're not thinkin' only how to get money;" and Mr. Callaghan ended his moral reflections by sitting down beside a family of small children, who squalled in different keys; and, treating one of them to a ride on his foot, which favour, being distributed impartially, presently restored good humour.

"An' isn't there any peep of the fresh air allowed us at all?" inquired Andy of a man near him, whose peculiar cut of garments had already excited his curiosity. "It's a quare vessel that hasn't either a sail or a deck: we might all go to the bottom of the say in this big box, 'thout bein' a bit the wiser."

The emigrant with the six children looked rather anxious, and hugged her baby closer, poor woman; glancing for a minute at the bar, where her husband was sipping gin, and already brawling with an American. But, as the apple-complexioned man whom Andy addressed happened to be a French *habitant*, limited in English at the best of times, the Irish brogue puzzled him so thoroughly, that he could only make a polite bow, and signify his ignorance of Monsieur's meaning.

"Maybe he's an Injin," thought Andy; "but sure I thought thim savages wore no clothes, and he has an iligant blue coat an' red tie. I wondher would it be any good to thry the Irish wid him;" and, as an experiment, he said something in the richest Munster dialect. The Canadian's politeness was almost forgotten in his stare of surprise, and he took the earliest opportunity of changing his place, and viewing Andy respectfully from afar.

But if it had a repellent effect on the *habitan*, it exerted a strong centrifugal force upon other of the passengers. Mr. Callaghan was never happier than when at the focus of a knot of his countrymen, for his talents were essentially social; and before the evening was over, his musical feats with voice and violin had so charmed the aforesaid Canadian, that he came up and made him another of the polite boys.

"Very much obliged to you, sir, if I only knew what you wor sayin'," replied Andy with equal courtesy.

"He's inviting you to his daughter's wedding," interpreted one of the sailors who stood by; "you and the fiddle."

"With all the pleasure in life, sir," promptly

replied Andy, as he imitated the bow of the worthy *habitant* to perfection. "I'm always ready for any fun goin'. Ask the old gentleman when and where it's to be," he continued, jogging the interpreter with his elbow.

"The day after to-morrow, at a village near Montreal," upon learning which, Andy's countenance fell, and the festive vision faded from his ken. "Maybe it's in China I'd be by that time," said he, with incorrect notions of geography; "but I'm obliged to you all the same, sir, an' wherever I am I'll drink her health, if 'twas only in a glass of wather." "I'll have a pain in me back if I bow much longer," added Andy, *sotto voce*; "I don't know how he's able to keep it up at all."

"Why, where are you going to?" asked the sailor, laughing; "this ain't the way to China by a long chalk."

"Goin' to make me fortune," replied Andy boldly, as he dropped the violin into its case and latched the cover tightly, as if a secret were locked in. While no more idea had he of his destination, nor plan for future life, poor faithful peasant, than the fine Newfoundland dog which slept not far from him that night in the fore-cabin, a mass of creamy curls.

Meanwhile, all the evening, and all the night through, the noble steamer stemmed the broad brimming flood, steadily onwards, casting behind her on the moonlit air a breath of dark smoke ruddy with sparks, at every palpitation of her mighty engine-heart. Past black pine forests to the edge of the shore; past knots of white cottages centred round the usual gleaming metal spire; past confluence of other rivers, dark paths joining the great continental highway; blowing off steam now and then at young roadside towns, where, upon wooden wharves, waited passengers and freight in the moonlight, swallowing into either mouth all presented to her, and on untiringly again. Robert Wynn stayed on the small open poop astern, gazing at the picturesque panorama, half-revealed, half-shaded by the silvery beams, long after the major part of the passengers were snug in their state-rooms or berths below. With the urging of the fire-driven machinery he could hear mingled the vast moan of the river sweeping along eastwards. It saddened him, that never-silent voice of "the Father of Waters." Memories of home came thronging round him—a home for him extinct, dead, till in this distant land he should create another. At the threshold of a great undertaking, before hand has been put to work it out, the heart always shrinks and shivers, as did his here. Looking upon the length and breadth of all that had to be done, it seemed too hard for him.

But not so when next morning he arose from a few hours' sleep, and beheld the bright sunshine lighting up the glorious Canadian world. Looming giants by moonlight reduce to very ordinary obstacles by daylight; and the set of desponding thoughts which had weighed upon the young man as he contemplated the inky river and darkling country, seemed now to belong to another phase of being. Despondent! with the wide free world to work in, and its best prizes lying beside the goal,

ready for capture by the steady heart and active hand! Robert felt almost as if that shadowy home in the forest were already built, already peopled with the dear old faces he had left behind. The pure fresh air—clear as is rarely breathed in Europe, (for it is as if in our old world the breath of unnumbered nations has for centuries been soiling the elements)—the richly coloured scene, were a cordial to his young brain. The steamer was fast approaching the Isle of St. Helen's; and beyond, against a background of purple mountain, lay "the Silver Town," radiant with that surface glitter peculiar to Canadian cities of the Lower Province; as if Montreal had sent her chief edifices to be electro-plated, and they had just come home brightly burnished. In front was the shining blue current of the St. Lawrence, escaped from a bewildering perplexity of islets and rapids, which had apparently ruffled its temper not a little.

"Part of our Ottawa flows here," said Mr. Holt, glancing at the stream with a sort of home affection—"our clear emerald Ottawa, fresh from the virgin wilderness; and it hasn't quite mingled with its muddy neighbour yet, no more than we westerns can comfortably mingle with the *habitans* and their old-world practices down here. You see, Wynn, the St. Lawrence has been running over a bed of marl for miles before it reaches Lake St. Louis; and the Ottawa has been purified by plenty of rocks and rapids; so they don't suit very well—no more than we and the *habitans*—ha! ha!" Mr. Holt was vastly amused by the similitude. He pointed to a very distinctly marked line of foam wavering on the river surface, and said, "There's the demarcation."

"I am glad it is of such an evanescent nature, sir," replied Robert. He might have said how much grander the river became when all brawling was forgotten, and both currents fused into one glorious stream.

"Now," said Arthur, with the contrariety of youth, (and *aside*, as is written in stage plays,) "I'm certain these French Canadians are not so black as they're painted. I like those sociable white villages round the tin spires; and the guide-book says the people are amiable and civil. I'll investigate that subject, Bob."

"I would advise you to investigate breakfast just now," was the reply, as the steward's bell swung forth its summons. Then commenced a procession of passengers to the eating-room; through the length of the sumptuously furnished saloon, where the richest Persian carpets, marble tables, brilliant chandeliers and mirrors, were at the service of the public; by a narrow staircase amidships down to the lowest story of the vessel, a long apartment lit by candles, and lined at the sides with curtained rows of berths. The usual pause followed for the advent of the ladies: nobody sat down till they had come from their cabin on the middle deck, and established themselves wheresoever they listed.

"That's like Irish politeness," whispered Arthur, whose good spirits were always talkative. "My father, dear old gentleman! would take off his hat to a petticoat on a bush, I do believe."

The company was very mixed, and quite as much

conversation went on in French as in English. It seemed to the strangers as if the balance of gentlemanly deportment, and yet vivacity of manner, might possibly lie on the side of those who spoke the former tongue. Next to Arthur sat the sallow States'-man, bolting his breakfast with unconscionable speed; and between whiles, in a high treble voice, volunteering his opinion pretty freely on Canadian matters, as if he were endowed with a special commission to set them right. Badly as Hiram Holt thought of the seigniorial system, he was perforce driven to defend it in some measure, much to Arthur's delectation; but he soon discovered that to carry war into the enemy's country was his best policy, so he seized the institution of slavery in his canine teeth, and worried it well. The States'-man thought that a gentleman might be permitted to travel without being subject to attacks on his country: Mr. Holt observed that he thought precisely the same, which species of agreement closed the conversation. And the States'-man relieved his feelings subsequently by whittling a stick from the firewood into impalpable chips, with his heels resting on the apex of the saloon stove. Kind-hearted Hiram Holt had meanwhile more than half repented his hostility.

"Tell you what, sir," said he, going up and extending his hand, "it wasn't the matter but the manner of your talk that raised my dauber awfully since. I agree in most of what you say about this province here, and I hope as much as you do that the last badge of feudalism may soon be swept away."

The American put his bony pale hand almost sullenly into the Canadian's brawny palm, and after suffering the pressure, returned to his interesting pursuit of whittling, which he continued in silence for the rest of the voyage.

CHAPTER VIII.—"JEAN BAPTISTE" AT HOME.

AFTER seeing most of the thoroughfares of Montreal, and receiving the set of sensations experienced by all new-comers and recorded in all books of Canadian travel—principally wonder at the incongruities of French and English nationality grafted together, and coherent as segments of the fabled centaur—the active commerce of a British port carried on beneath the shadow of walled-in convents suggesting Belgium—friars endowed with long black robes passing soldiers clothed in the immemorial scarlet—a Rue Notre Dame and a St. James's Street in neighbourhood—the brothers witnessed another phase of American life as they dined at a monster table-d'hôte in the largest hotel of the city. The imperial system of innkeeping originated in the United States has been imported across the border, much to the advantage of British subjects; and nothing can be a queerer contrast than the Englishman's solitary dinner in a London coffee-room, and his part in the vast collective meals of a transatlantic hotel.

"New to this sort of thing, I should imagine?" said the gentleman next beside Robert, in a particularly thin, wiry voice.

"Yes, quite a stranger," answered Robert, looking round, and seeing that the speaker was a

person with a sharp nose and small keen black eyes.

"So I thought; your looks betray it. Everything seems queer, I guess? Intending to be a settler, eh?" Then, without waiting for an answer: "That's right: I always welcome the infusion of young blood into our colony, particularly *gentle* blood; for we are a rough set, mister, and want polish—and—and—all that."

These deferential words, uttered in the deferential manner of inferiority to acknowledged excellence, certainly pleased Robert; for what heart is unsusceptible to subtle flattery? And of all modes of influence men are most easily flattered or disparaged by reference to what is no worthiness or fault of their own—the social station in which it has pleased the Creator that they should enter this world. The keen brain behind the keen eyes knew this well; the fact had oiled a way for his wedge many a time. What was his motive for endeavouring to ingratiate himself with young Wynn for the next twenty minutes?

"Now, mister, if it's a fact that you be settling, I can give you a chance of some of the finest lots of land ever offered for sale in Montcalm township. A friend of mine has a beautiful farm there that would just suit you; best part cleared and under fence—fine water privilege—land in good heart, and going, I may say, dirt cheap."

Robert felt much obliged for the interest in his welfare which prompted this eligible offer. "But unfortunately I have very little money to invest," said he carelessly. The swift penetrating glance that followed from his companion was unseen, as he crumbled his biscuit on the table-cloth. "I am rather disposed to try the backwoods," he added.

"The bush!" in accents of amazement. "The bush! it may do very well for labourers, but for a gentleman of your pretensions, it would be misery—wholly unsuitable, sir—wholly unsuitable. No, no, take my advice, and settle where the advantages of civilization—the comforts of life to which you have been accustomed—are accessible. A few thousand dollars——"

"I regret to say," Robert interposed, "that even one thousand is immensely more than I possess," turning to the Canadian with a frank smile, which was by no means reduplicated in the sharp face. And from the era of that revelation, conversation unaccountably flagged.

"Do you know to whom you talked at table?" asked Hiram Holt afterwards. He had been sitting some way farther up at the other side. "One of the most noted land-jobbers in the country—a man who buys wild lands at three shillings an acre, to sell them again at ten or fifteen, if he can; and he never loses an opportunity of driving a trade. His bargain of a cleared farm is probably some worn-out dilapidated location not worth half-a-dollar an acre till hundreds have been spent on it."

"Then I've gained one benefit by being poor," said Robert; "nobody can have a motive for overreaching me"—which was a philosophic consolation.

Mr. Holt's business would not permit him to leave till next evening. And so the Wynns, con-

tinuing to lionize, looked into the vast but dreary Romish cathedral, which seats ten thousand people in its nine spacious aisles and seven chapels; clambered to the roof, and viewed the city from a promenade at an elevation of 120 feet; and then drove to that special beauty of Montreal—the mountain. This is a hill more than 500 feet in height, and clothed from head to foot with the richest verdure of woods; among which grow the most delicious apples extant since Paris selected one as a prize. From the summit a landscape of level country stretches below westwards; in middle distance, villages; on the horizon, the Ottawa confluence, bounding Montreal Island and forming others. Southwards, across the St. Lawrence, hills of Vermont far away; nearer, the fertile valley of the Richelieu.

"Let's go off to one of the *habitant* villages," said Arthur, suddenly. "Dismiss the calèche, and we will walk back. I'll ask for a drink of water in one of the cottages, just to scrape acquaintance."

"Furbish up your French, too," said Robert, "for they *do* gabble it fast. I heard a fellow chattering in the steerage, coming up the river yesterday morning: by the way, he and Andy had struck up a friendship; and such bowing as they had to each other's incomprehensible lingo!"

"I wonder what he's doing to-day," said Arthur, reflectively: "he asked me so particularly whether we should want him again till the evening."

"Found out a nest of Irish somewhere, I suppose."

"There's a fellow taking off his hat to us," remarked Arthur, as they passed a carter. "Everybody seems to bow to everybody in this country. But did you ever see such an old-fashioned vehicle as he drives? And he keeps talking to himself and his horse all the way, apparently."

Rapidly walking down the fine road to the plain, they were not long in nearing a group of neat white houses round the invariable shining steeple.

"The village looks as sociable as the people," said Robert. "How neat everything seems!—Hallo, Arthur, we've come in for some festivity or other, by all the gay ribbons about."

"Bon jour, Madame," said Arthur, boldly, to a tidy old lady, sitting in her green verandah. "Nous sommes des étrangers—I'd like to ask her what it's all about," he whispered confidentially to Robert; "but I'm out of my depth already."

The aged *Canadienne* arose, with the politeness so natural to her Gallic descent, and bade them welcome. But sounds issuing from the opposite house riveted their attention. "As sure as I'm here, that's Andy's violin," exclaimed Arthur; "I'd know his scrape anywhere;" and he crossed the road in a moment.

Without doubt Andy was the player, ay, and the performer too; for he was dancing a species of quick-step solo, surrounded by a circle of grinning and delighted *habitants*. The most perfect gravity dwelt in his own countenance, meanwhile, alloyed by just a spice of lurking fun in his deep-set eyes. Which altogether faded, as a caudle blown out, when suddenly he perceived the accession to the

company. Silence succeeded the dead blank on his features, down hung the violin and its bow on either side, and the corners of his mouth sunk into a dismal curve.

"Go on, old boy—scrape away," shouted Arthur, hilariously. "So many pretty faces would inspire anybody;" and whether it was that the black-eyed Canadian damsels felt the compliment through the foreign idiom, there was considerable blushing and bridling as the speaker's glance travelled round the group.

They deserved his encomium. The slight sprightly type of dark beauty abounded; and so prettily decked out with bright ribbons and flowers, that it was evident the tastefulness which renders French modistes unrivalled had not died out in these collateral relatives of the nation. Forward stepped Monsieur, the master of the house and father of the bride, begging that Messieurs would be so benevolent as to seat themselves, would honour him by partaking of refreshment; both which requests Messieurs were nothing loth to fulfil. It was hardly to be realized that these were the besotted *habitans*, the unimprovable race, the blotch on the fair face of Canadian civilization! these happy-looking simple-minded people: Hiram Holt was a slanderer. Full an hour passed before the Wynns could get away from the embarrassing hospitalities and politenesses of the good villagers, who shook hands all round at parting, in most affectionate style. As for Andy, much to his own discomfort, he was kissed by his host.

"Now I could onderstand if it was the missus that shaluted me," said he, rubbing across his cheek with his cuff as soon as he was on the road; "throth an' they're all very fond of me intirely, considherin' they never laid eyes on me till this mornin', barrin' himself. An' I never see nater houses—they're as clane as a gentleman's; yu might ate off the flure. If only the people wud forget that quare talk they have, an' spake like Christhens, that a body could know what they're sayin', 'twould be a dale more comfortable."

"And how could yu get on without understanding them?" asked Arthur.

"Oh, 'twas aisy enough sometimes; for whin they wanted me to come to dinner they had only to show me the table; and whin they wanted me to play, they only rubbed across their arm this way, and said 'jawer, jawer;' (I brought away that word, anyhow," added Mr. Callaghan with great satisfaction). "All other times they spake to me I bowed plinty, an' that did the business. But there was a man alongside me at the dinner, that had a few words of English; an' he tould me that this time of the year they all marries, to be ready against the winter. I likes that fashion, Misther Robert;" and herewith Andy heaved a little sigh, thinking perhaps of a certain pretty blue-eyed Mary in Ireland.

"Put your best foot foremost, Callaghan," said Mr. Wynn: "we shall scarcely reach town in time;" and all three quickened their pace.

"I'll never believe a syllable against the *habitans* again," said Arthur. "Their old-fashioned politeness is a perfect relief from the bluff manners of

most other Canadians. They seem to me to have a lot of virtues—cleanliness, good humour, good nature—and I like their habit of living all together, children settled round the parent tree-like branches of a banyan. We would give a trifle to be able to do it ourselves, Bob!" and the smile with which the brothers met each other's eyes was rather wistful.

AN ADVENTURE IN CHINA.

In August, 1822, when opium smuggling into China by English ships was in its infancy, three of these vessels were at anchor in the pretty little land-locked bay called Cumsen-moon, about twelve miles to the north-east of Macao. The inhabitants about that part of the country had, up to this time, scarcely ever been visited by foreigners; and, although it turned out that they were filled with the usual Chinese ill feeling towards them, yet the report from the ship which had been longest there was so favourable, as to cause all arms to be dispensed with by the crews on going on shore at any time, until the following occurrence took place.

Soon after breakfast one fine clear day, Mr. A—, a young officer belonging to the "Swinger," was sent on shore to fill water in the launch, with a crew of eight Lascars and one Englishman. It so happened that he met another officer from the "Nymph" on shore, who was on the same duty as himself. The two youngsters proceeded to take a walk into the country, for the purpose of amusement and information. In doing so, however, they had to leave the boats and ships entirely out of sight, turning sharp round a bluff point very near to the watering-place; which will be proved in the sequel to have been a gross want of prudence, giving the hidden enemy all the advantage which they seem to have been stealthily watching for.

The walk was pursued for about a mile inland, towards a hill, and then, on returning by the same path, about 500 yards from the boat, but hidden by the bluff, they were met by thirty or forty Chinamen, some with hoes, and some with heavy sticks, used for carrying weighty things across their shoulders. The Chinamen, after passing, and having a great deal to say amongst themselves, came after the officers, pulled them by the sleeve once or twice to stop them, and stood in the way also to prevent progress. Mr. A—, seeing that they were bent on a disturbance, thought, under the circumstances, that discretion would be the best mode of tactics. He stopped and turned round, but in a moment was knocked down by a blow from some of the crowd of Chinamen. This was followed up by tying the unfortunate officer's hands and feet, stealing his neckerchief (nearly strangling him in the act), and one shoe from his foot, and then letting him lie on the ground.

Mr. B—, seeing this state of things, and possessing good long legs, considered that now was the time to use them, by running through the mob to the boats for assistance, which he fortunately effected. The two crews of Lascars and the one English sailor now took oars and stretchers from

the boats, and bravely fought the Chinamen for a short time, till they were driven back to their boats by overpowering numbers, and shoved off, without further loss, to their respective ships, to tell the tale of Mr. A—— being in the hands of the enemy.

The captain of the "Swinger" (an old lieutenant, R. N.) immediately boarded the "Nymph" and "Sea Gull," and advised a razzia of the country till Mr. A—— should be found and brought back, dead or alive, which was forthwith put in execution, by mustering on shore in due time all the officers, petty officers, Lascars, and sepoys who could be spared from the three ships, well armed with muskets, fowling-pieces, swords, pistols, etc., of which opium ships in those days had no niggardly supply.

But we must now return to Mr. A——. The moment the Chinamen saw the boats shove off from the shore, the order was given to put Mr. A—— on his legs, by untying them; and he, having picked up his hat, but still minus the shoe and neckerchief, stood for a moment, till the words "Fye, fye," were given by one of four villanous-looking fellows who were now left in sole charge of the prisoner. Not knowing the meaning of this, however, at the time, —viz. "run, run"—he still stood, and was forthwith saluted by a stroke from a bamboo across the back of the legs near the heels, and dragged forward at the same instant by two of the four men, the other two following in the rear with bamboos, in case any slackening of the pace should appear.

In this manner, at a hard trot, did these wretches drive Mr. A—— through paddy fields, and all sorts of ground, till they reached the top of a hill, about 200 feet high, although he was in great pain from the blow which he had received, and hardly able to move at all. Before ascending the hill on the other side, Mr. A—— turned round to look at the ships in the distance, with feelings of a somewhat melancholy nature, as may be supposed, when the same man who had struck him said, in half Portuguese, half Chinese, "Do you want to look? look! it is your last look!" These words Mr. A—— happened to understand, from having heard occasionally a little of this jargon at Macao, and they certainly did not tend to soothe his mind in its then anxious state. Still, he had a kind of hope that *dollars* might gain his release, although up to this time appearances were far from favouring such an idea. Having descended the hill towards the beach, on the opposite side from the ships, and after a two miles' run with the heat at 100° at least, they halted under some trees close to a small stream of water, of which Mr. A—— asked to be allowed to drink, which was granted. He then, seeing that his wrists were already considerably swollen from the tightness of the rope by which they were bound, asked to have it slackened. This was also not only granted, but he was then only tied by one hand; and in a few minutes the run was again commenced for a further distance of about two miles, nearly the whole of which was through heavy sand, till at last a village was entered, and Mr. A—— was safely housed in a large ground-floor room on one side of a square court, where were two long tables, and benches on either side of them.

Tired and fagged with a four mile march at the

double, and dragged along by the rope like a bullock to be slaughtered, he sat down at one of the tables with feelings more easily imagined than described. These were certainly not much relieved when, in a few minutes, the demon of the bamboo brought some huge knives from a corner of the room, and put them to his neck with a grin of delight, saying that the mandarin would soon be there to pass sentence of death on him, when he should cut off his head in the manner then shown.

Meanwhile, hundreds of people came to see the Fankwei—men, women, and children—who had never beheld one in their lives before; some wondered at his dress, others at his hair, and nearly all jeered and laughed at his position; even the women, whose compassion Mr. A—— had tried to gain, abused him and talked of the mandarin, making signs also of cutting off a head, etc.

The crowd being by this time very great, and adding much to the almost insufferable heat, Mr. A—— begged to be relieved from such unwelcome visitors if possible, which request was immediately acceded to, by his being placed in a small room on the other side of the court, where was the usual Chinese bed, viz. a mat and glazed pillow on a board, and a stool and table with a teapot and cup on it. The door of this place was only a mat hung from the top, which was occasionally lifted up, to allow the favoured few to have a peep at the Fankwei, or foreign devil.

Mr. A—— here threw himself down on the mat bed, to await, as he hoped, the coming of the captain to his rescue, which he knew from experience he would do immediately on learning the circumstances of the case from the boat's crew (for he did not then know of the escape of Mr. B——), and he prayed sincerely that this might happen before the arrival of the said mandarin. The natives offered him tea, which he gladly accepted, after he had first seen them drink out of the same pot; and in a short time, amongst the "favoured few" who were allowed to peep into this raree-show, appeared a man who accosted Mr. A—— with the well-known sounds of "Hey, yah, how you do? I have see you before; I thinkee at Macao!" Never was mongrel English more welcome! Mr. A—— recollected having seen the man somewhere, and at once looked upon him as a friend, and asked if he thought there was any danger of his being killed, as had been threatened; to which the man said in a careless unsatisfactory sort of way, "No, I no thinkee so!"

"Do they want dollars?" asked Mr. A——.

"Yes," was the reply.

"How much?"

"Two thousand," said the man.

"Maskee," (never mind) answered the prisoner.

"If you will give me a pen and ink, with a sheet of paper, and take a letter to the captain when written, he will give you the dollars." To this an assent was at once given, and the necessary articles being produced, a letter was forthwith written by Mr. A——, descriptive of the state of the case and his whereabouts, as near as he could guess, not forgetting the bearing of the village from the ship by compass, and requesting that the number of dollars should

be paid which were demanded, and no killing or wounding at the watering-place; as Mr. A—— was so completely in the Chinamen's hands, that he would then be sure to be beheaded. He also asked for a pair of shoes to be sent, to enable him to walk back to the ship.

When this letter was despatched, Mr. A—— lay down once more on the mat, and was now in a comparatively composed state of mind, being under the impression that he would be a prisoner for four or five days at least, as the captain would require to get the ship under weigh and proceed to Macao for such an amount as 2000 dollars, if that sum should really be demanded by the messengers. Far different was the result, however.

On the man's arrival at the watering-place, he found a considerable number of well-armed men and officers, all ready for an attack, and vowing vengeance against all Chinamen. The letter was delivered to the captain, and when read, the man was asked how many dollars were demanded, Mr. A—— having in the letter stated no particular number, but merely "to pay" the amount "demanded." His answer was fifty, which the captain immediately went on board the ship and procured, taking the opportunity of getting a pair of shoes to send, and writing a letter to Mr. A—— at the same time; all of which he delivered into the hands of the messenger, the dollars sealed up in a bag, addressed to Mr. A——.

As this man objected to any Englishman going to the village along with him, from fear of a fight, it was thought advisable to give in to him, and send a Chinese carpenter, who belonged to one of the ships, to assist in the negotiation, and show the road back to Mr. A——, no difficulty being apprehended, as the whole sum asked for had been given, and the captain having no knowledge of any greater having been spoken of. He told the man, however, that, having satisfied his demands, he would allow a reasonable time for the release of Mr. A——; but if this was not then accomplished, he would burn the village, and "make a second Lintin business of it, and take him by force!" alluding to what had been done there a few months before by H.M. frigate "Topaze," which caused a stoppage of trade for six weeks at Canton.

With this warning, the two Chinamen left the little "army" at the watering-place, and in due time made their appearance at the village, and delivered the bag of dollars, letter, and shoes to Mr. A——, who, on recognising the carpenter, immediately gave him the dollars to hand over to the four "braves," and expected to be allowed to decamp forthwith. But, "man, man!" (stop!) was the order, and a long angry conversation took place in the large room amongst many Chinamen, who were not a little annoyed at the small sum received by their messenger; but they had not seen the "guns and swords, and rungs and gads" which caused this craven to reduce his figures so instantaneously; and it took at least twenty minutes of verbal war for him to convince his friends that it was better to pocket fifty dollars with a whole skin, than lose their village and their lives by standing out for a larger sum. The carpenter, no

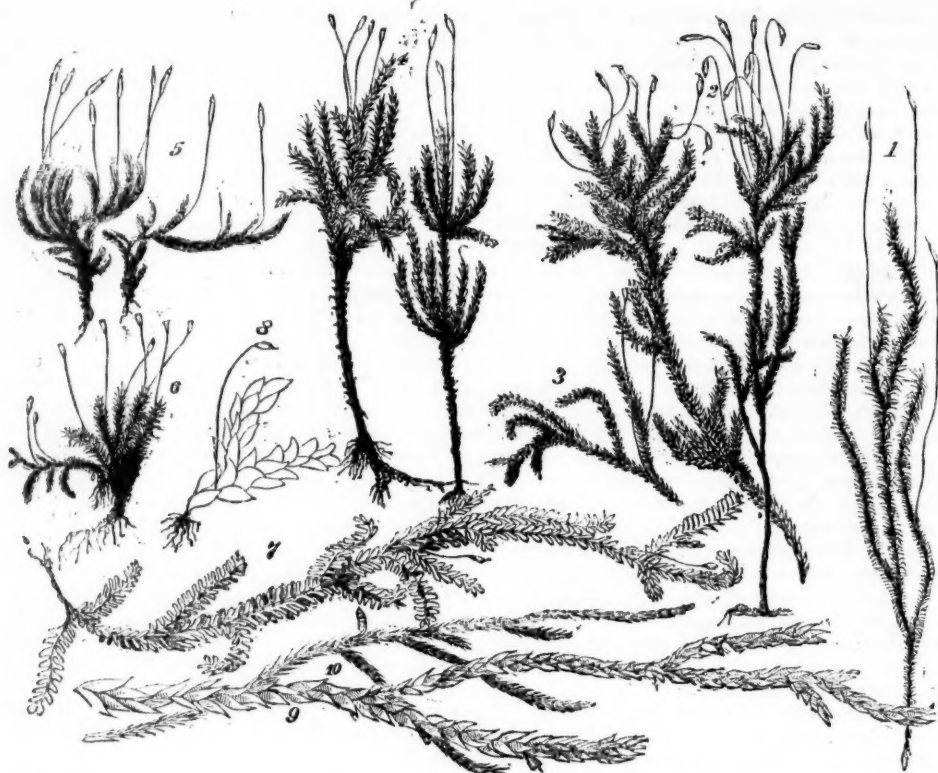
doubt, had some weight in the argument, and at last Mr. A—— was "granted a pass" to the watering-place, in company with the carpenter. He tried hard to induce the four braves to accompany him back, by way of showing the road, having a distant glimmering of seeing them tied up at the gangway of his ship, and expiating their offences under the boatswain's tuition; but as the probability of such a climax had no doubt been hinted to their own minds, the invitation was politely refused, saving so far as to the skirts of the village.

With a light heart, Mr. A—— now travelled along with the carpenter, and in the course of an hour had the gratification of being welcomed at the watering-place by three cheers from the armed party in waiting, and many a hearty shake of congratulation by the hand; feeling at the same time deeply thankful to the Almighty for his merciful escape, and particularly for having so willed it that he should have been without arms on the occasion of his capture; as they certainly would have been used, and, as a consequence, would almost as certainly have been the cause of his murder.

As it is customary in China for all mandarins to live upon those under them, by "squeezing," or making them pay dollars, it was not much to be wondered at that some of them should try to make capital out of the above occurrence; and consequently, three or four days afterwards a man-of-war junk, sent by the admiral from Cheun-pee, came to anchor in the bay, and in a short time the mandarin went on board the "Swinger," and made inquiries touching the description of the attacking parties, and particularly that of the four "braves," which was easily given by Mr. A——, their features being indelibly imprinted on his mind, and he having in addition been able to get hold of their names from some of the natives at the watering-place.

The mandarin said he should go on shore and seize those men, and, if successful, bring them on board the "Swinger" the following day for Mr. A—— to identify, when he should tie them up and flog them till Mr. A—— was satisfied. But on that same evening an East India Company's ship arrived and anchored at Lintin, and the captain of the "Swinger," having business to transact with it, it was necessary for him to get under weigh at daylight on the following morning, and sail for that island, distant about six or seven miles, which prevented Mr. A—— witnessing the flogging of the four "braves;" for it was shortly afterwards known that the mandarin did seize them, and not only flogged them well, but "squeezed" them well also.

The ship which had arrived was that to which Mr. A—— properly belonged, (he having only been lent to do duty in the "Swinger" during her temporary absence at Penang); and as he then for ever quitted the opium service, he has had no subsequent opportunity of learning any further particulars concerning the men who committed this outrage, or even the name of the village to which he was dragged. The facts are, however, strictly true, and will tend to show how absolutely necessary it is for all boats' crews to use the greatest caution on landing on the coasts of China.



1. Tall Irregular-toothed moss. 2. Fox-tail Frond moss. 3. Blunt-leaved Frond moss. 4. Marsh Tree moss. 5. Silky Leakea. 6. Blunt Flat-feather moss. 7. Crisp-leaved Flat-feather moss. 8. Shining Hookeria. 9. Greater Water moss. 10. Alpine Water moss.

INTRODUCTION TO THE STUDY OF MOSESSES.

CHAPTER V.

"And close behind this aged thorn,
There is a fresh and lovely sight,
A beauteous heap, a hill of moss
Just half a foot in height.
All lovely colours there you see,
All colours that were ever seen;
And mossy network too is there,
As if by hand of lady fair
The work had woven been."—WORDSWORTH.

I HAD NOW really worked my way to the second great section of the moss group, the Side-fruited mosses. In this section the fruitstalk springs from the side of the branch. Marian kindly gave me a specimen of the Tall Irregular-tooth moss, which she had gathered near Brixton Deverill, in Wiltshire, the preceding November. It had a creeping root and branched stems, grew two inches high, and the upright oval urns were placed on long footstalks (*Anomodon viliculosus*, Fig. 1 and a).

One of the last days of my sojourn in this lovely Yorkshire dale was spent in seeing a lead mine and smelt mill, varieties with which these hills abound. As we left the harsh-looking neighbourhood of the mines, our eyes rested with delight upon a verdant plot of swampy ground; on inspecting this more closely, I found a quantity of yellowish moss, bear-

ing clustered branches intermingled with fruit-stalks: the urns were erect and oval. The striking resemblance of its form to that of a tree rendered it probable that this was the Marsh Tree moss, (*Climacium dendroides*, Fig. 4 and c,) and all its characteristics agreed with Hooker's description.



a. Magnified fruit and leaf of Tall Irregular-toothed moss. b. Ditto ditto of Foxtail Frond moss. c. Ditto of Marsh Tree moss. d. Blunt Flat-feather moss. e. Crisp-leaved Flat-feather moss. f. Ditto of Greater Water moss.

The next time that my uncle went to Richmond, Marian and I accompanied him; and, alighting from the carriage a couple of miles before reaching the town, we followed a footpath leading through the woods by the river's side. In the lowest and most shady part of the wood we found the Fox-tail Frond moss (*Isoetium alopecurum*, Cut 5, Fig. 2, b), both carpeting the ground and hanging, tapestry-like, from the rocks; its short oval urns were already developed, though the weak young stalks were variously bent, and not as upright as they would



1. Neat Feather moss. 2. Triangular-leaved Feather moss. 3. Tamarisk Feather moss. 4. Imbricated F. 5. Curled-leaf F. 6. Waved-leaf F. 7. Long-beaked F. 8. Striated F. 9. Rough-stalked F. 10. Creeping Feather moss.

be later in the season. This moss also has a tree-like habit, but it varies from the true Tree moss in being twice branched. The Blunt-leaved Frond moss (*I. myurum*, Fig. 3) we found on old tree stumps in the higher part of the wood; its stems grow in clusters, and are curved inwards, and the urn is generally quite erect.

We proceeded towards Richmond, and, passing the Round Howe, we came again to the dear old wall where we had found the Bristle mosses; there many of the stones were covered with luxuriant masses of the Blunt Fern-like Feather moss (*Onoclea trichomanoides*, Cut 5, Fig. 6, and *d*). The flat forked branches were laid one upon another: they had a shining appearance, and their colour was yellowish. The fruitstalks were erect, and the fast ripening fruit slightly curved.

High up from moist crevices of the rocks, masses of moss were hanging in festoons. I climbed and reached some: it was a large moss with flattened forked branches, the stems laid over one another, tier above tier. There was a scarcely perceptible nerve in each of the oval-pointed leaves, and these were waved and crisp; the long fruitstalks were pale, and supported light-brown oval urns. We easily decided it to be the Crisp-leaved Flat Feather moss (*Neckera crispa*, Cut 5, Fig. 7 and *e*).

Marian had been carefully searching the bank while I climbed the rocks, and she suddenly ex-

claimed, "Here it is! there is yet a piece remaining."

Of course I was eager to know what she had found, and I regarded with immense veneration the branch of moss which she proudly exhibited. The stem might be an inch long; the leaves were large, oval, and nerveless, of a pale reddish-green colour, thick and succulent. The one little bit of fruit was of an oval shape, and the stalk that bore it was somewhat arched.

"It must be Hooker's moss," I suggested; "yes, its mitre-shaped veil, large foliage, and flattened branches prove it; there are no nerves, so it is the Shining Hookeria (*H. lucens*, Fig. 8)."

Marian promised to conduct me to a brook where we should find the greater Water moss, provided I did not object to a walk along the high-road. Of course I was willing to go, and we passed through the town, and proceeded along a dusty road till we reached the village of Skeebly. Here we fished out of a clear gushing brook many large branches of the moss in question. The leaves were in three rows, concave and nerveless; the few old urns remaining were buried among the leaves of the sheath, and the narrow lid and veil had long since vanished. (*Fontinalis antipyretica*, Cut 5, Fig. 9 and *f*). Marian kindly bestowed on me a specimen of the Alpine Water moss which had been sent to her from Scotland.

My last ramble with my cousin was in a sub-alpine wood on the Spring End Farm, called Silkwood. She guided me thither in the hope of finding Feather mosses, which, she said, were particularly beautiful there: all this extensive family have curved fruitstalks, and the urns are generally slightly bent; their fringe is double; the veil splits on one side, the stems are creeping and tufted; the lid is conc-shaped, and most of the species ripen their fruit in the winter or early in the spring. Marian produced a specimen of the Rusty Feather moss (*Hypnum plumosum*), which had been sent to her from Teesdale: its stems are branched, and the branches elongated. The Rough-stalked Feather moss she had found in Wiltshire, (*H. rutabulum*, Cut 6, Fig. 9): it is a showy moss, with procumbent stems, arched, and often rooting at the extremity; the leaves are pale green, concave, and pointed; and the fruitstalk is very rough.

We came upon a lovely cushion formed of Swartz's Feather moss, and the Prolonged Feather moss; they were not in fruit, but their feather-like branches interlacing one another, made a beautiful carpet. The common Polypody thrust its fronds through this cushion and luxuriated in its protection for its creeping roots. It reminded me of the old legend of the ferns and mosses being at warfare, when

"The fern loved the mountain, the moss loved the moor,
For the ferns were the rich, and the mosses the poor."

At this period each kept to its own locality, and the sun scorched the mosses, and dried the roots of the ferns, while the wind beat pitilessly upon them; but affliction brought both to their senses, and they agreed to help one another; so the tall ferns shielded the mosses from the sun, and the mosses protected the roots of the ferns from the wind, and kept them moist. The common striated Feather moss (*H. striatum*, Cut 6, Fig. 8) resembles those I have just mentioned; Marian found it in Wiltshire, on a hedge-bank between Monkton and Kingston Deverell, with fruit upon it in December. She had also the Long-beaked Feather moss (*H. ruscifolium*, Fig. 7) from Castle Howard; it had arched stems, clustered branches, and a beaked lid. We found the Wall Feather moss (*H. murale*) growing on some rough stones in an exposed part of the wood; it is a delicate little moss, with short roundish branches; its leaves are broad and pointed, and the patches of it were pale green and shining.

A still more delicate species, the Creeping Feather moss (*H. serpens*, Fig. 10 and e), grew on that same heap of stone; it has tiny spreading leaves and oblong curved urns. Our attention was next arrested by a cushion of large branched moss, every leaf of which seemed as clean and bright and glossy as if newly washed; the erect stems were simply branched, the branches curved slightly, and the roundish, closely overlapping leaves so arranged as to make the branches round, while the turned back points of the leaves gave them a bristly appearance; the urns were oval, and placed at right angles with the footstalk. There was such a puritanical appearance of propriety about the whole plant, or rather congregation of plants, that I rejoiced to know its name to be the

Neat Feather moss (*H. purum*, Cut 6, Fig. 1 and a). Although it is a very common moss, it is rarely found in fruit, so that we justly regarded it as a treasure.



a, Magnified fruit and leaf of Neat Feather moss. b, Ditto of Triangular-leaved M. c, Waved-leaved F. d, Curled-leaved F. e, Creeping F. f, Rough-stalked Feather moss.

Certainly these Feather mosses exhibit a wonderful variety of contour, each one a separate and exquisite form of beauty. One cannot regard them without wondering at the amazing bounty of the Creator, who has lavished such grace and richness upon these humble plants. When we considered that he ordered the form of each dainty branchlet, hardly visible to the naked eye, it no longer seems a truth hard to be believed that "even the very hairs of our head are all numbered."

From early childhood I have loved one moss in particular; and I believe that my taste in this respect is shared by very many, both of old and young. I loved the Tamarisk Feather moss (*H. tamariscinum*, Fig. 3), while yet wholly ignorant of the nature of any plant; when I could not better describe my preference than by saying, "There is one moss I like, and one I don't like." The varying colour of its foliage, shading from yellow to myrtle green; the rich luxuriance of its branches, laid one over another like the feathers on the breast of a bird; the delicate arrangement of its myriad of tiny leaves, won my love then, and keep it still, when hundreds of moss beauties might divide my allegiance.*

Here it is now, making the loveliest of moss cushions in the wood; there is no fruit on it, nor has Marian ever found any. The Triangular-leaved Feather moss was there too (*H. triquetrum*, Fig. 2, and b); it is familiar to most people as the moss generally used in packing. You buy it in London dyed a coarse colour; and you see it fastened to paper-flowers to represent the calyx leaves. It is a handsome moss; its stems grow five or six inches high, and its triangular leaves turn back; this moss also is but rarely found in fruit; our Silkwood plants, however, bore abundant urns.

We now produced our Clink Bank specimens. One large moss had branched pinnate stems: the leaves were spreading, and had long points; the urn, which was over-ripe, even when we gathered it two months before, was reddish-brown, cylinder-shaped and curved, and the fruitstalk was crimson. The dripping of the rock had coated the delicate stems with lime; Marian decided it to be the

* I fancy that this moss, or some member of its family closely resembling it, is the one of which Gerard speaks as the "Moss of Ferns." He says: "There is likewise found in the shadowy places of high mountains, and at the foot of old and rotten trees, a certain kind of moss in face and show not unlike to that kind of oak (oak) fern called Dryopteris. It creepeth upon the ground, having divers long branches, consisting of many small leaves, every particular leaf made up of sundry little leaves, set upon a middle rib, one opposite to the other."

Curled-leaf Feather moss (*H. commutatum*, Fig. 5, and *d*).

We were about to leave the wood, when I observed a mat of what I imagined to be a dead moss; the leaves were arranged on each side the stem, so as to present a flat surface; they were large and oval, and much waved and crisped; in colour it resembled a Bog moss. A great number of chestnut-coloured urns garnished the spare interlacing branches; these were dry, having been ripe in May, and were furrowed. Marian assured me that the whitish colour was as much a mark of the Waved Feather moss (*H. undulatum*, Fig. 6, and *c*), as the form of the leaves or the stripes on the urn.

There are a vast number of species in this overgrown family, nearly a hundred of them, I believe; but Silkwood did not offer any more of them, and we had not time to search further.

I gladly promised Marian to pay a Christmas visit to Yorkshire, at which time, she said, we should find more mosses in fruit than at present. It is one of the great advantages in this group of plants that they are in perfection when flowers and ferns have retired for the winter. As long as the weather remains open, mosses increase in beauty; and after a snow storm and many a cruel frost, the relenting breezes and soft rains of February soon succeed in reviving them. All moss collectors should preserve several specimens of each species which they are fortunate enough to find, as, now that the study of these plants is so greatly on the increase, they are sure ere long to meet other collectors who are very glad to accept or to exchange.

No wonder that the study of mosses is becoming popular, for it is an insensible mind indeed which has not taken pleasure in them from childhood. To step upon moss-covered ground sends a thrill of delight to many a heart, the attention of which has never been given for a moment to Monocotyledons, or Dicotyledons, or Acotyledons; and who is there that cannot call to mind the refreshment of throwing themselves down upon a moss bank, such as Wordsworth describes?

"Here, traveller, rest thee, for the sun is high,
And thou art old and weary. It is sweet
To find at noon a moorland bank like this,
To press its luxury of moss, and bid
The hours fleet by on burning wing."

I remember finding a famous mathematician standing rapt in delight while beholding a group of rocks covered with moss and lichens, and I have often seen little children dance for joy at sight of a mossy hillock.

"Why should greenness charm the eye?
Such is God's good will!"

Surely, while we admire this exquisite portion of God's handiwork, our hearts must break forth in the holy song: "Oh, all ye green things upon earth, bless ye the Lord, praise him, and magnify him for ever!"

* * Those who wish further to pursue the study of Mosses will find every assistance in the following books:—Stark's "Popular History of British Mosses" (Routledge); Gardiner's "Lessons on British Mosses;" Hooker's "British Flora," Vol. II.; and Wilson's "Bryologia Britannica," a large and splendidly illustrated work for reference.

MR. BULL'S ORIENTALISMS.

PATER-FAMILIAS, who prides himself on being a true-born Englishman, a regular John Bull, is apt to be testy when his daughters use a few convenient French phrases, or what he calls a new-fangled lingo, though under daily obligation himself to living foreign tongues for words which are perpetually escaping from his lips. He has a warehouse in the city, with an assortment of all kinds of Manchester goods. He can guarantee the quality of his *calicoes*, *muslins*, and *nankeens*, and is quite unconscious that the denominative syllables are not from the "well of English undefiled," but derived from the names of towns in the far east, where the fabrics were first made—Calicut, Masulipatam, and Nankin. On coming home also from business, he will call with some impatience for *tea*, if not in readiness for him. But what knew his glorious old ancestors, the bowmen and billmen of Kent, of the decoction or the monosyllable? They might have heard of a river called *Tay*, flowing somewhere far north, in repute for salmon, but never of the prime article of John Chinaman's agricultural industry, the loss of which would now be felt as a kind of upset to domestic comfort at millions of firesides. Tea, by the way, must have been originally pronounced *tay*; for it is hardly conceivable that Pope, alluding to the habits of royalty at Hampton Court, would have perpetrated the false rhyme,

"Where thou, great Anna, whom three realms obey,
Dost sometimes council take, and sometimes tea."

In some early advertisements in the newspapers the word is spelt *chaa*.

To be sure, it would go far to reconcile us to the loss of the beverage, personally speaking, if compelled to take it as our countrymen once did; for drinking tea was for a time a very sorry affair, altogether different from the well-known sketch which Cowper drew of the social evening refreshment in the last century.

At the dawn of the great tea age in the western world, there was no gathering round the table at the domestic hearth, by the cheerful fire, in the day's decline. Nor was the leaf itself vended, but only the ready-made liquid. It was used almost entirely as a morning draught between breakfast and dinner, and taken cold in the maker's shop without either milk or sugar. Hence the potation would be somewhat akin to bitters, such as bark, camomile, or horehound; and sociable feeling, bright and beaming countenances, could scarcely be associated with it, any more than with imbibing the druggist's doses, however beautifully coloured. "I did call for a cup of tea," says Pepys in his Diary, "a China drink, which I had never drank before." Thus wrote he, always inquisitive after novelties, referring to the year of the Restoration, 1662. This is one of the earliest notices we have of its use in England. Nothing can be more dry, more purely matter-of-fact, than the entry. A relishing savour is unmistakably absent; a wry face on the part of the registrar is very surmiseable; and it may perhaps be fairly inferred that he thought the liquid a questionable

article, if not fully as uninviting as his own record is unenthusiastic. There is nothing, however, like experimenting. Two years later our East India Company purchased two pounds and two ounces of the product from the Dutch, as a present for the king, at the price of forty shillings a pound. Five years later still, in 1669, their own first importation took place, consisting of two canisters containing altogether 143½ lbs.; and nine years afterwards, in 1678, the market was glutted completely for several years when 4713 lbs. arrived. But by degrees, though very slowly, the curious public pryed into the mystery of making tea, mastered the craft, improved the art, established it in domestic life, thereby increasing the demand, and bringing in the age of cosy meetings and happy groups at home, around the steaming urn, and the "cup which cheers but not inebriates."

To pacify Pater-familias, his spouse orders up the necessary articles, and calls for the *tea-caddy*. He starts not at the sound, being perfectly familiar with the name. It seems to him, indeed, a substantive as purely English as any other in the language—as much a thing of home manufacture as the mahogany box it designates. But now, Mr. Bull, just tell us to whom your family vocabulary is indebted for this word, and what is its literal meaning. Did your great progenitor who went to the wars with the Edwards know anything about it? Had William the Norman's own Matilda, or Harold's Edith with the swan neck, either of them a caddy? "Meaning of it!" says he, "why, of course caddy means—hum, ha—a caddy—what else?" The governor is clearly nonplussed, and needs enlightenment. The word brings him into verbal communion with the Malays, a people certainly never heard of by the original "Fine Old English Gentleman," however long established in their own peninsula, and long known to their neighbours as having troublesome propensities. It is a corrupted form of *katti*, the Malay name of a Chinese weight, or the hundredth part of a man's load, being reckoned at a pound and one-third avoirdupois. Fine tea of this weight used to be imported in small boxes. It may as well be added, that whenever the governor speaks of his *cockatoo*, praises *gutta percha*, refers to *gamboge*, affirms the *sago* pudding capital, and denounces the *orang-outang* origin of man as an abominable doctrine, he uses Malayan vocables.

Our unblemished native in blood and speech is no sooner stirring in the morning than he wants his *coffee*, in order to be off to town; and here he comes into connection with the sons of Ishmael, the Arabs, through the medium of their cousin-german, the Turks. The Arabic is *kahwah*; the Turkish *kahve*. Both signify the same thing, "wine;" and as a substitute for that liquid, forbidden by the Koran to all Mohammedans, coffee was first used by them, though not till after much dubitation, and many grave faces on the part of their doctors of the law, as to the legality of the practice. The prophet had said nothing about it in his book, simply because he knew nothing; and so silence was construed as an assent. In fact, the berry was not known at Mecca until the year 1454, a short time prior to the discovery of America;

for the bush is a native of Abyssinia, and was thence transplanted into Arabia.

Who brought the first coffee to our shores, and when, are points which have not been recorded. He might be a gentleman Greek, out upon his travels in search of knowledge, with a packet in his pocket; or a Levantine Jew in the service of the Turkey merchants of London. It antedated tea in its arrival, yet not long, and may be referred to the closing years of the reign of Charles I. Oxford had it as soon as the metropolis, if not earlier. Mention is made of one Nathaniel Conopius, a Cretan baron, connected with Baliol College, which he quitted in 1648. "He made the drink for his own use, called coffee, and usually drank it every morning, being the first coffee, as the ancients of that house informed him, that was ever drunk in Oxon." But in 1650, Jacob, a Jew, opened a coffee-house in the learned city, as did Cinques Jobson, likewise a Jew, "born near Mount Libanus," a little later; about the same period, the house which is now the Rainbow, by Temple Bar, was established by James Farr, a barber; and others were commenced in the George Yard, Lombard Street, and Exchange Alley, Cornhill.

The barber was not allowed to follow his new vocation in peace; for in 1657 he was indicted by the parish authorities of St. Dunstan's, "for making and selling a sort of liquor called coffee, as a great nuisance and prejudice of the neighbourhood." The Exchange Alley house had the sign of the Great Turk, with the inscription "Morat the Great," a corrupted abbreviation of the name of a sultan Amurath. Its proprietor, in 1662, advertised in the "Kingdom's Intelligencer," a weekly paper, "the right coffee-powder, from 4s. to 6s. 8d. per pound, as in goodness," and invited all gentlemen "that are customers and acquaintance" to come the next New Year's Day, and be regaled "on free cost," as he expressed it. By 1665 the article had a place in our literature; for then appeared a poem, in quarto, with the title of "The Character of a Coffee House, wherein is contained a description of the persons usually frequenting it, with their discourse and humours, as also the admirable virtues of coffee. By an Eye and Ear Witness." It begins:—

"A coffee-house, the learned hold,
It is a place where coffee's sold;
This derivation cannot fail us,
For where ale's vended, that's an ale-kouse."

The houses had evidently then become places of general resort:—

"Of some and all conditions,
Even vintners, surgeons, and physicians,
The blind, the deaf, and aged cripple,
Do here resort and coffee tipple."

Apprehending political gossip and seditious devices in these places, the government of Charles II attempted to put them down by the strong hand, but was compelled to give way to the force of public opinion in their favour.

"Coffee, which makes the politician wise,
And see through all things with his half-shut eyes,"

as Pope writes, became familiarly known by the close of the century, and coffee-houses acquired the character of a standing institution. An English

sailor, in the days of "Admiral Benbow," would have thought coffee a strange beverage, but it is now more a necessary part of every ship's stores than rum or tobacco.

Having mentioned bluff old Admiral Benbow, we may remark, by the way, that there is not a native particle in the word "admiral," with the exception of the letter *d*. The root is the Arabic *amir*, a lord, chieftain, or commander-in-chief, with the definite article, *al*, the, prefixed to the term, denoting the object or sphere of command: as *amir al bahar*, commander of the sea or fleet. From this the Spaniards, during the Arab conquest of the country, compounded their *almirante*, to express the highest naval officer, and *almiranta*, to denote the flag-ship. The word passed into French as *amiral*, and came also in the same form into English. It was originally applied with us both to the person in command and his vessel. Milton used it in the latter sense when describing the equipment of Satan:—

"His spear, to equal which the tallest pine
Hewn on Norwegian hills to be the mast
Of some great *amiral*, were but a wand,
He walked with to support uneasy steps."

He also wrote in Latin, for the Court of Admiralty, *Ammiralatus Curia*. The letter *d* was introduced into the word either for the sake of euphony, or from a notion that admiral was an abbreviation of admirable.

But while this instance of the vernacular is of foreign derivation, it must be admitted to have pretensions to respectable antiquity. Some six centuries ago, in 1297, as our records state, we had an admiral, William de Leybourne, about whom we really know nothing beyond his recorded style and title, which was, *Amiral de la Mer du Roy d'Angleterre*. "Now, pray, let us have none of that gibberish, but speak English like a regular born Englishman." "No offence meant, friend John; but, call it gibberish, or what you like, you have the entry exactly as quoted in some of your own house-keeping accounts. Only walk to the lumber room where your old books and papers are kept, and you will find it so."

Thus, in the good old times of the thirteenth and fourteenth centuries, owing to the partiality of the Court for foreigners in the reign of Henry III, French was used with Latin in public instruments. It was also the language of rank, wealth, and fashion, both spoken and written, though in a somewhat corrupt form as compared with that of the Continent. Hence Chaucer, when describing the manners of an English nun, tells us that she spoke French cleverly, but as it was spoken in the school of Stratford-le-Bow,

"For Frenche of Parys was to her unknowne."

To proceed with instances of Mr. Bull's orientalisms. In the city, at his dining place, he is occasionally Hindooish, as when he calls for a *chop*, or for *curry*, or *mulligatawny*; and he is so also at home or abroad, when he speaks of *chintz*, asks for more *sugar*, and talks of his *bamboo*, flourishing the stick. Sometimes he is Persian or Turkish in his vocables, as when he praises his wife's *shawl*, refers to the queen's yacht the

Fairy, declares his admiration of *emerald green*, deplores the revolt of the *sepoys*, quotes the price of *indigo*, and stigmatises Mr. So-and-So as a *jackal*. But of all the living oriental tongues to which he is indebted, his obligations are the greatest to the Arabic, of which, in addition to the instances given, a large number might be cited. Unlike his old forefathers, who were an inveterate beer-drinking race, our specimen of an Englishman confines himself to water; and though not a professed teetotaler, he is well up in the mischiefs occasioned by the use of *alcohol*. This oft-mentioned word is a corrupt form of *al kahala*, which means the sulphuret or common ore of antimony, used by the Arab women to blacken the eyebrows. The alchemists were accustomed to distil the mineral along with ardent spirit, believing a highly concentrated spirit to be the result. Remarkably enough, the whole art of distillation was introduced into Spain by the Arabs, from whence it was extended to the rest of Europe; and thus a people who hold the use of spirits to be unlawful, taught the process of manufacturing them. But probably they were used in the first instance medicinally, as opium by the Chinese; and hence we have the French *eau de vie*, and the Celtic *usquebaugh*, or whisky, both signifying "water of life." A common name for a mixture of spirits and water, *toddy*, is taken from the Hindoo word *tadi*, meaning the sap or wine of a palm.

Speak of your horse as a *barb*, or of a murderer as an *assassin*; of sitting in an *alcove* or on a *sofa*; of studying *algebra* or *chemistry*; of buying *damask* or *mohair*; of scenting *otto of roses* or *spikenard*; of liking an *orange*, *lemon*, or *damson*; of drinking *sherbet* or burning *naphtha*; of planting a *shrub* or discharging a *scullion*, and you use Arabic derivatives. In fact, all the figures in Mr. Bull's accounts of petty cash, his ledger and day-book, have been obtained from the Arabs. There is one word derived from the same source, that of *nabob*, literally a deputy or lieutenant, which came to be applied to a wealthy man returned from India; and thereby hangs a tale. It was brought into use soon after the conquests of Clive, was once very common, but is now rarely heard, probably because the road to easy, ill-gotten wealth in that region has been closed. The way was open enough to Sir Thomas Rumbold, who went out there empty-handed, rose to be governor of Madras, and was dismissed from office in 1781. His original calling was that of shoeblick at Arthur's Club, where the head waiter was one Robert MacGrath. On his return home, laden with spoil, an epigram appeared, said to have had Charles James Fox for its author:—

"When MacGrath reigned o'er Arthur's crew,
He said to Rumbold, 'black my shoe,'
And Rumbold answered, 'ya-Bob.'
But now returned from India's land,
He proudly scorns the base command,
And boldly answers, 'Nabob.'"

Alas for poor Mr. Bull, and his ideas of sole indebtedness for his syllables to the land of his birth—dear old England! Orientalism cleaves to him in death as in life; for when the troubles of the

world are over with him, he is borne to the grave in a *coffin*, a word derived from the tongue of Araby the Blest.

A CENTURY AGO.

THERE lies on our desk a little stunted duodecimo volume, which many might deem to be nothing better than waste-paper, and which, if it were confiscated by the kitchen-maid for the purpose of fire-lighting, would only undergo the fate of thousands of similar volumes. Still, to one who has a fancy for retrospection, who

"From the waning shadows of things past
Can re-erect their substance,"

it is not without its interesting themes and suggestive lessons. It is entitled "The City and Court Calendar for 1766;" and a glance over its small old-fashioned pages seems to bear us back to a state of society in England upon which it will not be either useless or unamusing to dwell for a few moments.

George III was at that time the youthful hope of the nation. He had reigned five years and had been married four, and had already three children—the Prince of Wales, afterwards George IV, who was four years of age; the little Duke of York, who was two; and William Henry, afterwards William IV, who was a twelvemonth old. These little fellows had already a salaried establishment of attendants, including governesses, nurses, cradle-rockers, and needle-women, who received from the nation some £2000 a year between them, and who are down in the list of the royal household, with the amount of their salaries and board wages. We note also in the same list the name of a clergyman retained for the purpose of teaching the young queen the language of her subjects.

Among the multitudes of names forming the lists of the Privy Council, of the members of the Lords and Commons Houses, of the judges and law functionaries, of the officers of the army and navy, etc. etc., we recognise not a few which have now an historical significance, and which appear in vivid contrast to the dense array of gentlemen unknown to fame, who have come and gone, and left no sign—no mark or impress of their existence.

In that year Dr. Thomas Secker was Archbishop of Canterbury; Warburton, the great literary archon, was Bishop of Gloucester; Mansfield was Chief Justice of the King's Bench, and had his private residence at No. 12, Bloomsbury Square; William Pitt (Chatham) was member for Bath and one of his Majesty's privy council; Edmund Burke was member for Wendover, and resided in Queen Anne Street, where he was visited, though but rarely, by Dr. Samuel Johnson, who had now achieved his fame and acquired a competence and enjoyed the solid consideration of his sovereign. The same list which shows us Burke and Chatham as members of Parliament, gives us also Henry Thrale as member for Southwark; and we are reminded that it was in this very year that Johnson consolidated his friendship with the Thrales, and began to spend so much of his time in the society of the great brewer's charming wife, and of the literary and artistic cele-

brities which she drew around her. It was but the other day that, during a transient visit to Streatham, we went over Thrales's country house and gardens, and mused in the very spots—the dining-room, the lawn, the antique summer-house in the garden, which were wont to re-echo the sage remarks and suggestive peculiarities of the "burly lexicographer." Can it be that almost a century has passed away since those voices were silent for ever? But to return to our text.

The member for Shrewsbury in this same year is Lord Clive, but his address is not given. Clive, in fact, was at this moment in India, where he had won his field of Plassy and other great victories, and where he was now engaged in consolidating the British power in Hindostan, and laying the foundation of that empire of the white man in the East, which, up to the sepoy rebellion in 1857, remained unshaken. He returned to England in the following year, to meet the envious rancour of his enemies, and to close his brilliant career in madness and suicide.

The member for Cambridge was Soame Jenyns, who then dwelt in South Audley Street. Lord North, then member for Banbury, lived in Old Burlington Street. The member for Hythe was Lord George Sackville, a man who had undergone strange vicissitudes—who had fought at Dettingen and Minden—had been disgraced for imputed cowardice—and had lived to retrieve both his character and consequence; and who to this day is thought by many to have been the author of the Letters of Junius.

The member for King's Lynn was Horace Walpole, who was also Usher of the Exchequer, and Comptroller of the Pipe (whatever that is); but who doubtless was already contemplating a final retreat from political life, seeing that in little more than a year from this date he bade an abrupt adieu to active business and retired to his seat at Strawberry Hill. There he set up a private press, began his literary undertakings, and his all-embracing collections, and spent the remaining thirty years of his life in gratifying his personal tastes and predilections.

We look in vain for the name of Wilkes among the M.P.s, though there was no other name at this particular date which was so often in the mouths of the populace. A few years before this, Wilkes had been elected member for Aylesbury, and it was not long after that he enjoyed his famous triumph over the Government, on the occasion of that prosecution for the notorious No. 45 of his "North Briton." Now, however, he was under a cloud: he had refused to appear to receive judgment on a second prosecution, and was outlawed—though he subsequently returned to be elected for Middlesex—to be committed to prison—again to triumph over his political foes—to be chosen Lord Mayor of London—and to subside into a sober senator after all.

The member for Tamworth was Edward Thurlow, the friend of Cowper. He was then thirty-four years of age, was one of the serjeants-at-law and king's council, and resided in the Inner Temple. At this time there was a long and honourable course

before him, and he spared neither toil nor study to achieve success. How he rose to be solicitor-general and attorney-general, and held the seals under Pitt up to the time of the French Revolution, need not be told here. He died at an advanced age in 1806.

Perhaps one of the most striking catalogues in this century-old record of greatness, is that which professes to give us a genealogical list of the sovereign princes of Europe. If we refer to such a list in a Court Guide of modern times, and reckon up the sovereigns by name, we shall find their number, even including the excluded Francis II of Naples, to amount to about a score. Sovereign princes, however, were much more plentiful a hundred years ago. According to this list of 1766, they amounted to no less than one hundred and ten, so that, in all, ninety sovereigns have been swept from the map of Europe in the course of a single century. The youth of the present generation may well wonder who were all this crowd of monarchs whose crowns and sceptres have tumbled down and vanished from the earth. A round number of them were small German principalities, rejoicing in such names as Hohenzollern-Sigmaringen, Schwartzburg-Sondershausen, Hohenloe-Waldenburg-Schillinsfurst, etc. etc., deleted by the stern clenched fist of Napoleon from the catalogue of sovereignties old, and swamped for ever in the embrace of sovereignties new. Others were republics, among which Venice held the most ancient rank, and was governed by her Doge, Louis Moncenigo, elected in 1763. Next to her in the list comes Genoa, also under the rule of a Doge, M. Francis Maria Rovere, elected in the preceding year. Then comes Geneva, which had been a republic for more than a century and a half; and then Ragusa, whose governing chief, called a Rector, was chosen every month, and which, though calling itself a sovereign state, was tributary to the Turks. At the date of this mildewed compilation, it was little in the thoughts of these proud potentates four score and ten, that in a few decades of years they would all disappear from the stage of history, and their very names be expunged from the records of times so near at hand.

We have not space to notice half the suggestive entries which strike us as we turn over the leaves of this old book; but we cannot finally close it without noticing a few more of them. Among the sovereigns is Frederick the Great (here erroneously styled Frederick III). At this time he had won all his great battles—had fought single-handed the seven years' war against the united forces of Europe—and having struck up a league with his former enemies, was meditating the partition of Poland, by which unprincipled act he left a stain upon his character never to be effaced.

In the list of Oxford professors is the name of Thomas Warton, as professor of poetry. He was the father of the Warton whose pathetic verses were so familiar with most of us in our youth, and who was undoubtedly the exemplar of the modern school of poets.

In the catalogue of ships forming the British fleet, and whose numbers amount to no less than 240 sail, from first-rates of 100 guns to fifth-rates

of twenty guns, exclusive of armed sloops, bomb-vessels, fire-ships and cutters, we note the unfortunate "Royal George," then stationed at Plymouth, the "Temeraire," and the "Dreadnought;" while among those upon the stocks are Nelson's ship, the "Victory," the "Royal Charlotte," and the "Ajax."

In the list of the corporation of London for that year is the name of the Right Hon. G. Nelson for Lord Mayor, while the array of aldermen boasts of no less than fourteen knights.

The columns of the king's household show a mass of rather curious particulars; as a sample of which we may state that the chaplains in ordinary are forty-eight in all—four of them officiating in each month of the year; that J. Hart, gentleman, got £50 a year for washing their surplices; that his Majesty's mole-taker took, besides the moles, £8. 1s. 8d. for his trouble in trapping them, and that the royal rat-catcher had £48. 3s. 4d. for snaring the rats; that the two cooks in the kitchen received about £450 between them; and that the clerk of the butter and eggs had to be content with £60.

The list of Scotch peers gives the names of those who forfeited, and among these are those of Lovat and Balmerino, with a mark against them, to specify that their heads were cut off.

On turning to the Post Office records of that year, we are met by some particulars for which we were not quite prepared. Thus, although the places to which mail-bags were despatched every night in the week were comparatively few, and even the mails between London and Edinburgh started but five times a week, yet the rate of postage was very much lower than we can remember it to have been in our day. For instance, letters travelled one stage, or about twenty miles, for a penny; fifty miles for twopenny; eighty miles for threepence; to any part of England beyond that distance for fourpence; and were taken to Ireland or Scotland for sixpence. It would seem, therefore, that the penny postage of Rowland Hill was quite as much a return to an old cheap system as it was the creation of a new one. How it was that the charges for letter-carrying became much more than doubled between 1766 and 1800 we cannot say, though it is but too probable that this increase arose from the necessities of government under the pressure of the revolutionary war.

Here we must bring our desultory survey to a close, leaving a crowd of things unnoticed which might yet afford profitable food for reflection. As we shut the book, and thus draw the curtain, as it were, upon a vanished century, the same thought comes over us as struck the mind of the invading Persian as his eyes rested on that vast host which the flight of a single century would turn into dust, with all its pomp and pageantry. Only in our case the century has passed: and while we contemplate this record of the ambitions, the grandeurs, the dignities of a mighty generation, and recall in mental view something of their real magnificence and worth, we know that the fate which the Eastern despot could not predict without tears has been fulfilled, and that—

"All that is left of this proud army
Is dust and ashes, and bones and clay."

VARIETIES.

AN ECLIPSE IN CHINA.—The following is a translation of a notice that was put up on the walls of Canton on the 29th of July, 1860, concerning an eclipse of the moon. It refers to the popular belief that an eclipse is caused by a great dragon threatening to devour the moon! "To the Red Button Mandarin Loo, Governor of Quang-Tung and Quang-Si Provinces and Board of Soldiers, dated the 10th of Hewang, the 16th day of the 6th month. Entreat and pray to save and protect the moon from being devoured on the 18th day of the 6th moon. The eclipse will commence on the 15th day of the 6th moon at 11.40." Then follows particulars of the time of contact, etc. After which: "All the Mandarins, both civil and military, together with all the people, must do the utmost in their power to save and protect her from such a fearful calamity; and, mind, not to be disobedient."

RETIREMENT FROM THE BUSTLE OF LIFE.—You can scarcely conceive how rejoiced I am to get a little retirement, and how necessary and salutary it is both to my mind and body. It is the grand object of every Christian to set his affections on things above, and live under a strong impression of the reality of future and invisible things; and we are all apt to have these impressions weakened by living much in the world, in the hurry and turmoil of business, however usefully employed. Not that we are to quit them, and retire into the cloister, but occasional intervals of retirement are the medicine of the mind to them who are commanded to keep their hearts with all diligence. Mine is in urgent want of this salutary prescription.—*Letter of Wilberforce to Mr. Morton Pitt, M.P. (1803).*

HOW TO KEEP YOUR UMBRELLA.—Dr. Buckland could not bear to lose an umbrella; (they were never good ones of their kind—but still he could not bear "to lose his umbrella.") He lost two or three in one way or another, and at last he inscribed, in conspicuous letters, on the handle of a new one he bought purposely, "Stolen from Dr. Buckland," and this he never lost. It was fairly worn to a skeleton through long and faithful service, till at last it became very shabby indeed; but the large label, "Stolen from Dr. Buckland," kept away everybody; nobody even ever offered to "borrow" it on the wettest of wet days, although it often invitingly stood by itself, in solitary glory, in the umbrella-stand in the hall.

HANNAH MORE AS EDITOR.—I wish you could see, but I am not so cruel as to wish you to read, the variety of trash that is sent to me weekly in prose and verse from all parts of the kingdom. You would not conceive there was stupidity enough to produce such stuff, or vanity enough to desire to publish it. It is my mortifying task to be obliged to answer all the letters, and to reject all the pieces. You would pity me if you saw what I am obliged to read, as well as the home-truths I am obliged to write.—*Letter of Hannah More to Mrs. Bouverie, 1795.*

EMBARRAS DES RICHESSES.—It is true I have got £8000 in gold and silver; but what am I to do with it? It seems to be about as valueless as the same weight of iron. I want to transport it, or its equivalent, to Calcutta; but how is this to be accomplished? The simple mode would be to send the bullion itself; but that is illegal. The next impulse is to buy the productions of the country suited for exportation; but I am met by the same obstruction, except in the staple of teak timber and a few articles of even less value. Besides, how many huge ships will it require to carry away £8000 worth of timber, and what the loss and delay in effecting it? The thought is indeed disheartening; but can no mode of relief be hit upon? It is certainly clear enough that if a man residing in Bengal, worth £10,000, wishes to emigrate and become a denizen of Burmah, he may, in effect-

ing the change, convert his £10,000 into £25,000 or even £30,000; but there he must remain for the remainder of his days—at least his property must. But the worst has not yet been stated. So jealous was the Government of the drain of the precious metals from the country, that it objected to my removing so large a sum from the capital to their own port of Rangoon, under the conviction that I should do so merely for the facility it afforded of smuggling it on board ship. Altogether this was indeed a maze of embarrassment and perplexity; and unless I could find a pathway through it, the only alternative was to spend my money as quickly as possible, and then decamp.—*Gouger's "Personal Narrative of Two Years' Imprisonment in Burmah."*

STAGE COACHES, A.D. 1727.—There is of late an admirable commodiousness, both for men and women of better quality, to travel from London to almost any town of England, and to almost all the villages near this great city, and that is by stage coaches, wherein one may be transported to any place, sheltered from foul weather and foul ways; and this not only at a low price, as about a shilling for every five miles, but with such speed as that the posts in some foreign countries make not more miles in a day; for the stage coaches called Flying Coaches make 50 or 60 miles in a day, as from London to Oxford or Cambridge; sometimes 70, 80, and 100 miles, as to Southampton, Bury, Cirencester, and Norwich.—*Chamberlayne's "Present State of Great Britain."* 28th edit., 1727.

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RICHARD HOOKER'S LAST WORDS.—This great and learned divine, "the judicious Hooker," as he is commonly called, spoke thus on his dying bed: "I have lived to see this world is made up of perturbations, and I have been long preparing to leave it, and gathering comfort for the dreadful hour of making my account with God, which I now apprehend to be near. And though I have by his grace loved him in my youth, and feared him in my age, and laboured to have a conscience void of offence to him, and to all men; yet if thou, O Lord, be extreme to mark what I have done amiss, who can abide it? And, therefore, where I have failed, Lord, show mercy to me, for I plead not my righteousness, but the forgiveness of my unrighteousness, for His merits who died to purchase pardon for penitent sinners." After a short slumber, he said to his friend, Dr. Saravia, one of the prebends of Canterbury, "Good doctor, God hath heard my daily petitions, for I am at peace with all men, and he is at peace with me; and from that blessed assurance I feel that inward joy which this world can neither give nor take from me." More he would have spoken, but his strength failed him, and after a short conflict between nature and death, a quiet sigh put a period to his last breath, and so he fell asleep.

THE MARCH OF INTELLECT.—At one of the great meetings last autumn, presided over by Lord Brougham, a working man from the crowd made a speech of much native eloquence. In the course of his address, referring to the vaunts of intellectual progress by Sir John Bowring and other previous speakers, he gave to his fellow working-men a noble lesson in the following striking sentence:—"We have been hearing much of intellectual progress and the advance of the age; but this I know, that the march of intellect, if it lead not to the cross of Christ, is the march of death."